

field. Schevenels is the Belgian secretary-general of the INTERNATIONAL CONFEDERATION OF FREE TRADE UNIONS, which is manipulated largely by American labor's Irving Brown. Brown was busy lobbying for the Common Market's 5-point labor plan, Germany's Willi Brandt, and AFL-CIO's proteges in Algeria. (Brown took the latter a \$150,000 war-fund check as violence against Europeans got underway).

The demand at which Britain balked was Schevenels' insistence on the right of a central, supra-national labor organization to move laborers from one country to another and put them to work anywhere they wished within the Common Market and linguistic barriers would cease to exist.

It goes without saying that the workmen sprinkled through member countries would be exponents (agitators, would be a better word) of the political-social policies of the men doing the scattering. And since this moving of workmen from one country to another would be constant, it goes without saying that a common wage level, (American scale!) would be a prerequisite. German workers moved into some factory in Italy or France would have no intention of taking a loss.

The Britishers balked. Whatever might be said of British labor leaders, they are first and foremost Britishers. Woodcock and his delegation were all for uniting with the continental unions to create jobs for unemployed workmen in their own countries. Bringing them into Britain, with all the trouble-making possibilities the tactic entails, was another matter. The world is told that the only obstacle barring Britain's adhesion to the Common Market is the thorny problem of agricultural exports from the Commonwealth. It is not exactly true. The reprieve the Trade Union delegates gave us in West Berlin may be only temporary. The pressure being applied is terrific, with all the weight of American leadership and AFL-CIO's warchest behind it.

The most illuminating part of the whole plot, for the ordinary American, should be its cynicism—the fact that Reuther, Meany, and the foreign labor leaders lining up with them cannot help but be aware of the misery that would accompany the upheavals their plan would make inevitable. Yet they are determined to go through with it, under the label, "Peaceful social revolution," to deliver the escaped "refugees" back into the hands of Meany and Reuther and make Western Europe labor-socialist.

This is not one of those chimeras of the lunatic fringe; it is happening, as George Woodcock found out last month. And only by doing something about it is the American at home going to escape being dragged along with the landslide he himself is financing and by his silence approving. In making the above statement, your correspondent is not editorializing; he is passing on a plea that comes from the hearts of countless thinking western Europeans.

REST IN PEACE

Dear God:

"Keep me always away from the honest, practical truths, that I may not be involved in Earthly common struggles with the Devil himself"

"Let the other good people do it for me"

"Let ME rest in peace"

"Amen"

WHOSE STATUE DID YOU SAY?

By a Patriot

I see by the papers that the Government has voted to honor Gen. George C. Marshall with a statue somewhere in Washington. This is the man whose counsel so often lay athwart the best interests of the United States while he was in positions of power.

Robert Sherwood notes that at Teheran both Stalin and Voroshilov recognized the general as their friend—as, indeed, they should have, for it was Marshall who at the first Quebec Conference had plugged Stalin's plan for a diversion of Allied troops into Southern France rather than aiming them at the Balkans, that "soft underbelly of Europe," to use Churchill's rather bucolic figure. This left Stalin a free hand in Southeastern and Central Europe.



General George C. Marshall

Wedemeyer says of Marshall that he was a man corrupted by power and homage and "thus he became an easy prey to crypto-Communists, or Communist-sympathizing sycophants, who played on his vanity to accomplish their own ends."

Gen. Wedemeyer was concerned chiefly with the Far East. In 1945, Chiang Kai-shek's army, although even then beset by Red revolutionists, still occupied most of China. But by December 1949, Chiang had been driven out and China was in the hands of the Communists. "How come?"

According to John T. Flynn in *The Lattimore Story*, "The one central cause of this defeat was General George Marshall's demand that Chiang take the Reds into his government. When Chiang refused, General Marshall cut off all arms and supplies for Chiang."

"What shaped Marshall's fatal intrusion? That is a dark chapter which must yet be told," says Flynn. "In statecraft he was as pathetically helpless as a child. He was used. But the full story is yet to be unfolded. Yet Marshall himself declared that when Chiang refused to yield to the demands of the Communists he—Marshall—disarmed Chiang's government with a stroke of the pen."

Flynn is too easy on Marshall. "Pathetically helpless" indeed!—helpless in the face of Red advisers, perhaps, but firm and crusty with the advocates of a free world. Marshall could stand up to Sir Winston himself, "the old bulldog," defending Stalin's choice of location for a second front. And Marshall had his way.

This "pathetically helpless" man fought with Chiang Kai-shek and "told off" Gen. Albert Wedemeyer when that brash young man presumed to point out that China would surely go Red if Chiang did as Marshall told him.

When it looked as though MacArthur might actually win the Korean War, Dean Acheson stepped down for a season and the "pathetically helpless" George C. Marshall

was made Secretary of State as very likely, the only one in the country considered big enough to recommend MacArthur's dismissal.

Before they have filled every niche and street-corner in Washington with marble horses and their sometimes marble headed riders, let me recommend a really inspiring American for national recognition: the red-blooded, two-fisted Gen. George Patton, who expressed himself so clearly and forcefully on the Communist menace and who, like many another with strong feelings on that subject, was not allowed many more heartbeats with which to publish them. His jeep cracked up shortly after V-E Day. But even the Germans whom he conquered revere the memory of his fairness. They worshipped his gallantry and one of the garrison settlements outside Frankfurt is now known as Pattonville.

Gen. Patton's nephew, Frederick Ayer, Jr., quotes his uncle as follows in *Yankee G-Man*:

"For weeks Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Austrians and others have been coming in droves to my headquarters. They begged me to come into their countries and occupy them before the Russians got there. They told me that otherwise there would be no chance in the world for them to set up free representative governments. They said, practically on their knees, with tears in their eyes, 'Come into our country now or we are finished.'"

"We should have done what these people asked. We could, quite morally, have torn up a few damned fool agreements and gone into all those places. We could have said that we were doing it to save the lives of a lot of our allies still fighting on the Eastern front. We could have done it then, and we should do it right now. Of course it might mean a war, but I have seen what is left of their armies. They are largely horsedrawn, their air force is almost non-existent, and their munitions stocks are low. Sure it might mean a war, but the Third Army and First alone could smash them in six weeks and have very few casualties. I'm afraid that the day will come when it will take six years and cost six million American lives."

The Famous Trojan Horse of Ancient History



THERE IS A TROJAN HORSE
WITHIN OUR GATES TODAY

In the semi-legendary war of the 12th century B.C., between the Greeks and and Trojans, for the recovery of the queen, Helen of Troy, the Greeks used a sly method to get into the city. They built a huge, hollow, wooden horse and placed soldiers inside it and wheeled it to the gates of Troy, saying it was an offering to their goddess. The gullible Trojans opened wide the gates and brought the wooden horse into the city. That night, the men inside the horse opened the door at the side of the horse and crept out silently. They then opened the city gates so that the whole Greek army could pour in and conquer the city.

Communism is like the Trojan horse that is secretly trying to capture our nation. Let us beware and alert to this danger, and each one do his or her duty to keep it from thriving.

PLEASE HELP US
SPREAD THE TRUTH